J. ARLISS'

Juvenile Library, Bartholomew Close.

THE

PARENTS' PRESENT

TO THEIR

HAPPY FAMILY.

Embellished with Fifty Beautiful Engravings.

Price One Shilling.

FRONTISPIECE.

"Get knowledge: it insures enjoyment true,
"Fit self esteem, a claim to reverence due.
"Get wisdom: in her train the virtues shine,
"They guides, with hope and faith, to bliss divine."

E: E: Taylor 1810.

THE

PARENTS' PRESENT

TO THEIR

HAPPY FAMILY;

CONTAINING

The Poems

OF

MY FATHER, MOTHER, SISTER, AND BROTHER,

In Imitation of

COWPER'S MARY.

EMBELLISHED WITH FIFTY FINE ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. ARLISS,
87, BARTHOLOMEW-CLOSE,
West Smithfield.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

MY FATHER.

Who took me from my mother's arms,
And smiling at her soft alarms,
Show'd me the world and nature's charms?
My Father.

MY FATHER.

Who made me feel and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark, thro' all, the Maker's hand?
My Father.

MY FATHER.

Who climb'd with me the mountain's
height,
And watch'd my look of dread delight,
While rose the glorious orb of light,
My Father.

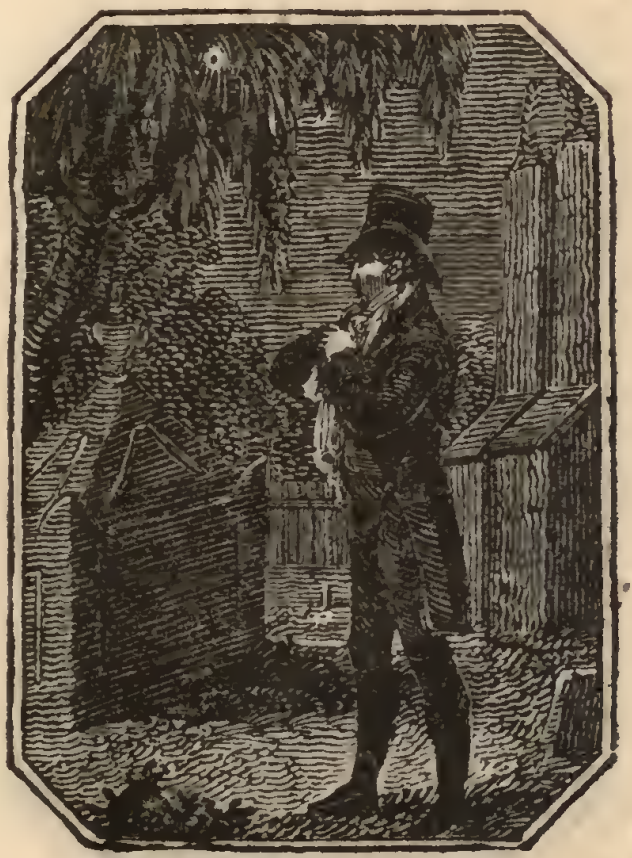
MY FATHER.

Who, from each flow'r, and verdant stalk,
Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,
To fill the long, delightful walk,
My Father.

MY FATHER.

Not on an insect would he tread;
Nor strike the stinging-nettle dead,
Who taught at once my heart and head?
My Father.

MY FATHER.



Who wrote upon that heart the line
Paideia grav'd on Virtue's shrine,
To make the human race divine,
My Father.

MY FATHER.

Who fir'd my breast with Homer's flame,
And taught the high heroic theme,
That nightly flash'd upon my dream?
My Father.

MY FATHER.

Who smil'd at my supreme desire,
To see the curling smoke aspire,
From Ithaca's domestic fire?
My Father.

MY FATHER.

Upon the raft, amidst the foam,
Who, with Ulysses, saw me roam,
His head still rais'd to look for home?
My Father.

MY FATHER.

What made a barren rock so dear,
'My boy he had a country there,
'And who, then, dropt a precious tear?'
My Father.

MY FATHER.

O teach me still thy Christian plan,
Thy practice with thy precept ran,
Nor yet desert me now a man,
My Father.

MY FATHER.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice;
With charms of thy angelic voice,
Still prompt the motive and the choice,
My Father.

MY FATHER.

For yet remains a little space,
Till I shall meet thee face to face,
And not, as now, in vain embrace
My Father.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheeks sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will sooth thy pains away,
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.

MY BROTHER.

Who shar'd with me our parents' love,
And when my tender limbs could move,
Would all my infant ways approve?
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

Who strove to give my heart delight,
Would blow for me balloons so bright,
And fly his flutt'ring paper kite?
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

For he was never rude nor rough,
And who would make me laugh enough,
To see him playing blindman's buff?
My Brother.

MY MOTHER.

MY BROTHER.

And if perchance he heard me cry,
O! who would to my succour fly,
And gently wipe my streaming eye?
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

And who would tell me pleasing tales,
How vice the wrath of heav'n assails,
And virtue ev'ry where prevails?
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

He made me love my books, indeed;
And who delighted heard me read,
Those tales he could recite with speed?
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

And when a present he had got,
O! who was it that ne'er forgot,
To share with me his happy lot?
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

Then, I do love thee very well,
Yes, more than any words can tell;
Thy name shall in my bosom dwell,
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

For well I know thee void of guile,
When others frown'd, thy soothing smile
Would many a little woe beguile,
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

For thou wert always good and kind,
And I could speak to thee my mind,
Sweet solace from thy lips to find,
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

O! may I live to see thee rise,
To man's estate, rever'd and wise,
To glad our friends delighted eyes,
My Brother.

MY BROTHER.

May virtue be thy constant guest,
And sweet contentment charm thy breast,
And ev'ry gen'rous wish be blest,
My Brother.

MY SISTER.

Who was it, when we both were young,
First prais'd me with her artless tongue,
And on my neck delighted hung?

My Sister.

MY SISTER.

For we would run about all day,
And when at hide and seek we'd play,
Who came to find me where I lay?
My Sister.

MY SISTER.

When I would read of Robin Hood,
Or little Children in the Wood,
Who was it call'd me kind and good?
My Sister.

MY SISTER.

And when, one day, I did amiss,
Who screen'd me from just stripes for this?
And gave me many a fondling kiss?
My Sister.

MY SISTER.

For she would cry if I was beat,
And if she got a dainty treat,
Who gave me half of it to eat?
My Sister.

MY SISTER.

And when to school I went to stay,
For boys must learn, as well as play,
Who sobb'd to see me go away?

My Sister.

MY SISTER.

For it was ever our delight,
To love each other day and night,
Nor would I do a thing to spite
My Sister.

MY SISTER.

For naughty boys and girls, 'tis true,
Would pinch each other black and blue;
But they were not like me and you,
My Sister.

MY SISTER.

For thou wert always kind to me,
And it will my ambition be,
To prove a faithful friend to thee,
My Sister.

MY SISTER.

To guard from hurt thy tender frame,
To shield thy lov'd and spotless name,
And be the champion of thy fame,
My Sister.

MY SISTER.

For well I know thou wouldst disdain
To be or haughty, pert, or vain,
And good and modest wilt remain
My Sister.

MY SISTER.

O! may it be thy precious choice,
Our aged parents to rejoice,
And sooth them with thy tender voice,
My Sister.

THE END.

J. Arliss, Printer, 87, Bartholomew Close.

MY SISTER.

And may that sacred power above,
Still fill thy heart with filial love,
And all thy virtuous ways approve,
My Sister.